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## THE CIRCULATION OF PUCK.

## An Open Letter to James Gordon Bennett, Esq.

SIR: You have not lately caused to be published in this city an allegation that the statement of PUCK's circulation during one week, printed in this journal on April 1st, 1879, is false. That statement was as follows:

Monday .....	13	Thursday .....	1,293,527
Tuesday .....	3,957	Friday .....	1,293,526½
Wednesday .....	1,293,528	Saturday .....	13

Total for the week ..... 3,884,564½

As my own business manager, I respond to your challenge as follows:

I will deposit the sum of (\$5,000,000.17) five million dollars and seventeen cents, in the keeping of Mr. Denison, President of the Grocers' Bank, and you, Mr. Bennett, shall do the same. These deposits shall await the decision of a committee to be composed of Messrs. J. Lloyd Haigh, Financier at Large; J. C. Freund, now of Canada, and Mr. Officer Nugent, of the Manhattan Bank. If this committee, after a full, minute, and thorough examination—for which purpose they shall have full and free access to our editorial waste-basket, our office-boy's pocket-book, the iron-clad treasury vaults in which we keep our store of Spring poems and other uninsurable and extra-hazardous valuables, including paid and unpaid tailor's bills; to our water-cooler, ash-barrel, coal-box, cuspidors, gas-metre, steam-radiators, billiard-tables and polo-grounds, upper and lower cases, engine-room and stationary wash-tubs—do not find that the circulation of PUCK for the week in question was correctly stated in the above figures, then I authorize Mr. Denison,

of the said Grocer's Bank, to pay my \$5,000,000.17 to William H. Vanderbilt, or any other public pauper, and to pay your old \$5,000,000.17 back to you. If, on the contrary, they find that the circulation of PUCK was correctly stated, then we shall scoop in the pot, and recommend you to take a back seat.

Your groveling slave,

PUCK.

21-23 Warren St., N. Y., Jan. 21st, 1880.

## BIDDY THE QUEEN.

VEN as Garrison and Phillips and Douglass lifted up their voices in behalf of the slave, so PUCK arises to-day and proclaims himself the champion of a down-trodden race.

If Cleopatra, lacking the moral courage and the asp to commit suicide, had been obliged to flee, a hapless exile, from her beloved Egypt, and had come to this country—supposing such a proceeding not to be improperly anachronistic—do you think we should have received her with scorn and contumely, cast her, so to speak, into chains, and set her to cooking our dinners?

No. Of course not. By no means. Quite the contrary.

Then why do we treat with such indignity the royal blood of Hibernia, when, driven by cruel fate and remorseless impecuniosity, it condescends to pulsate in exiled veins on this side of the water?

The O'Callaghans, sorr, were kings in Oireland when Cleopatra was an innocent colleen, and when Osirtesen the first, bad cess to um, was a small gossoon intoirely, a-dirtyin' of his fate in the peat-bogs, be the powers. And shall an O'Callaghan bend the knee to the murdherin' Sassenach, and cook the murdherin' Sassenach's dinner for a paltry stipend of sixteen dollars a month, board an' lodgin' free?

No! Niver! Not while a drop of Oirish blood remains to be shed or talked about!

The time has come to arise for Oireland's rights. We claim the attention of the public. As, unlike Mr. Parnell, we don't want any money, we shall probably get the attention.

To-day—right here—now—at this very moment, throughout this broad land, there are uncounted millions of Keltic Princesses clanking their stewpans for a stipend! In countless kitchens are the descendants of Oirish kings bowing their royal spines to broil plebeian beef-steaks.\* In unnumbered sculleries the children of Brian Boru are daily and nightly obliged to resort to unworthy subterfuges to entertain their sisters and their cousins and their ledifrends.

Let us, then, finally understand and acknowledge the true position in which we stand towards Biddy the Queen. When she kindly condescends to do us menial duty, let us try to feel fitfully grateful. Let us try to put aside all false plutocratic pride, and bow down in honest humility before our monarch by the divine right of aristocracy, and the oh! so much diviner right of having us where the hair is short.

## A COURTY CONTROVERSY.

C. S. PARNELL, to Her Majesty Queen Victoria:—You didn't never give naathin' to starvin' Ireland!

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, to C. S. Parnell:—I did—I give her ten thousand pounds in 1847. So there! 'N' I think you're reel mean, so I do!

\* N. B. They generally fry 'em.

## Putterings.

A COOL plant—Geloid hay.

A MEADOW LARK—Going on a spree down in the pasture field.

"A MOVEMENT in wool"—A 'colored brother' scratching his head.

WE condole with Maine. It is hard to have a returning-board row in a dry state.

SMITH is Governor of Maine. We knew that man would come to something some day.

THE metropolis of Olathe, Kansas, seems to have been named after an Irish gentleman of a mechanical turn of mind.

THE conspicuous lack of seldomness about this season's parties, receptions and balls induces us to predict a severe and solid Lent.

THE Sun wants to bet that it has a circulation. Our V. E. C. appears to have become converted to the Jasperian theory, and to the belief that it "do move."

A POET says: "I can never smile again." O, yes you can. You may have thought so when you swore off on New Year's-Day, but that same old "smile"—price ten cents—will play around your mouth before the year is two months old. Stick a pin here.

WE don't want to interfere with any other state's returning boards, of course; but we do think it our duty to remark to our friends up in Maine that we think they are making a good deal of fuss over the privilege of representing three bears and a kindling-wood forest.

IT makes us happy to see the beautiful unanimity of sentiment displayed by Mr. D. Kearney, of San Francisco, and Mr. C. O'Conor, of New York, and to know that, when the chaos they predict finally concludes to arrive, these two grand intellects can back up against each other and eye with satisfaction a crumbling universe.

IT was very kind and thoughtful and considerate in that pilot on the Fulton Ferry to expire just when his decease was wanted to point a moral and stir up a corporation. But now that the company has introduced a double guard, the perversity of Fate will probably arrange things so that no other pilot will ever think of dying while on duty until the Judge-ment Day causes a general suspension of operations throughout the universe.

A SCIENTIFIC lecturer startled his audience the other evening by exclaiming: "Let us look forward five thousand years, and what do we see?" They thought he would say: "Why, we see the same old jokes on Lent going the rounds of the press; we see Washington's monument unfinished, and the Hayden trial drawing to a close; we see Hanlan and Courtney still wrangling over their forthcoming rowing match, and Susan B. Anthony trying to pass herself off for a young girl of thirty-five years." But he didn't. He said he saw some changes in the moon and planets and things. Only that and nothing more.

## THE TIGHT FANTASTIC.

ONE solemn thought comes the chill breeze on, To Fashion's gay butterfly rover: Half over 's Terpsichore's season— And Terpsichore's self half seas over.

## D. M. N. N. B.

THESE initials stand for a false phrase of lying Latin, which is extremely popular, and is used on the occasion of pretty nearly every funeral now-a-days.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

Why?

We do not wholly die. Whatever may be the fate of that subtle spirit of which we know nothing and hope much, there is certainly a deathless presence which we can all recognize, standing by the side of every closed coffin, powerful for good or evil, not to be put away with the dust and ashes, not to be blotted out of our daily lives, not to be forgotten, or avoided or reasoned away—the spirit of the dead man's past.

The foolsiest of all lies we foolish mortals tell is the paltry compliment we pay to that changeless and immortal spirit that will not be beautiful because we call it so; that is as a lifetime made it, and will remain so until men can turn Time back on his track, and undo things that are done.

No historian ever made history. It was made for him by men who, dying, left monuments in flesh and blood, more enduring than marble; and ineffaceable records in the lives of those about them.

The character of the late lamented Nero has never been affected by the remarks of Mr. Gibbon or Mr. Niebuhr. Mr. John Smith may arise to-morrow with newly discovered documents to prove that the Roman emperor was a much maligned saint. Indeed, the attempt has been made. But no one pretends that, however successful it were, it could in any way operate retroactively. Nero wrote his own history; and he began writing it in the first hour that he raised an infantile wail to the blue Italian sky. It cannot be altered now. He wrote it in the hearts and minds of his people; in the influence he exerted on their characters and on their customs. It needs no great historian to read that record. Any fool that has been sent to Rome can deduce the fact of misgovernment in the past from a decayed place and a degenerate people. The only question is: who was responsible for that misgovernment? We say Nero. If it was not he, then some other dead emperor's friends indulged in post-mortem lying at Nero's expense. "Surviving relatives" of some deceased tyrant resolved to say of him nothing that was not good, and as they could not keep quiet, they lied some other man's reputation away, by implication.

That example fairly shows the working of the de-mortuis-nil-nisi-bonum system. The many highly-respectable, well-meaning people who will act on that plan seem incapable of seeing either the folly or the wickedness of what they do. They cannot see that it only confuses the living, and in nowise helps the dead.

It is not only in the case of the Neros. The raggedest street-boy in Aeneas's city, who polished the sandal-straps of the holidaying Roman at a sesterce a shine, exerted a small, but positive and indelible influence upon the limited circle of society in which he moved. And if he left his little world a shade more dirty, a shade more foul-mouthed, a shade more ragamuffin than he found it, what was the use of his friends clustering around his plebeian bier to say that his was a high and noble character, and that he not alone literally but figuratively shone in the station of life in which it had pleased the gods to place him?

A few days ago, in this city died a grasping business man—an unappreciative and ignorant "patron of literature." The life that he had led before the world was far from edifying. Yet his employees came together to draft resolutions eulogizing him; and his pastor condoled with the world on its loss, and told the

members of his flock to emulate the virtues of their departed brother.

Viewing which performances the Intelligent Public must ask: "If all this be true and deserved, who is to blame for the gross mismanagement of this man's business? Who is it who turned the good artists and writers he engaged into wretched hawks, by forcing unworthy work upon them? Who is the guilty person who has made his publishing house notorious for its issue of unwholesome literature?"

Then there is another complimented corpse lately given to its parent earth in New Jersey. This man died a defaulter—in plain words, a thief. No one knows how much he stole; his pleasing little contributions to the science of experimental financing are coyly revealing themselves one after another. To-day we learn of his pretty trick with the Bergen County bonds: to-morrow we shall probably be made acquainted with some new marvel of rehypothecation. We all know what he did with the money he got by such means. He seems to have been a singularly bad old man; and his sins have been most cruelly visited upon his kin. Yet the papers are strangely mealy-mouthed about him. Not one has, as yet, distinctly stated the most disreputable circumstance of his death. His pastor praised his nature, though casually adding that it was "touched by weaknesses."

And we have no doubt that many good folks will think our calling attention to these facts both unkind and unfair. Forgetting that the living are more jealous of the honor of a dead friend than the friend, in life, would have been, himself, they will cry out: "It is not right to expose the errors of a man who is not here to defend himself."

The argument is old, and never was healthy. True, if we fail or fear to speak what should be said of a man during his lifetime, we are not the proper people to sit in judgement on him after he is dead. But the duty of those who are fit to judge at all is clear: it is to speak the honest, healthy truth of other men, alive or dead, to the good end of serving Justice, even if Sentimentality has to suffer.

## MATES.

We used to sing  
That Cotton's King  
Of North and South. A modern Cato,  
With reason keen,  
Could find a Queen  
For Erin in her Potentato! SLOWCUS.

## JUSTICE'S TOILETTE À LA MODE.



She takes off the bandage and adjusts her stays.

## SUMMER IDYLLERS.

[These lines were written only a few months before the death of the author.]

T WAS in the heart of Dixie's land—  
(Not where the lime and orange grow,  
Not where the palm-tree waves—ah! no;  
But where the soil is reddish sand,  
And pines, as thick as they can stand,  
On every side are seen:

That's the sort of place I mean)—

Upon a certain afternoon

In August, or July, or June—

Somewhere

About there—

Beneath the shed before the door  
Of William Wilkins's cross-roads store,  
Sat whittling there some six or more.

The sun appeared a brazen shield,  
Or some great pumpkin in a field;  
All moving things their course pursued  
In languid summer lassitude—  
The very breezes felt it so  
They scarcely mustered strength to blow.

Upon such days, it seems,  
Our thoughts will dwell on streams:  
And by a natural sequence, then,  
Comes fishing to the minds of men,

William Smith observed that he  
Had lately been, with two or three,  
A-fishing—and that "he would be  
Belamed if he—did—ever see  
The like of peearch and cat—  
Some of 'em 'z long as that!"

And "hoped he might" (an awful wish)

"Unless they cotched six thousand fish!"

There was a round of deep applause,  
And then there fell a solemn pause:  
Cider was due, by cross-roads laws.  
But no one stirred—no one invited.

Jackson Flint became excited.  
Returning Smith's defiant glance,  
Said he: "Thar was a sarcumstance  
I never told you boys before,  
That happened—hem!—in—"fifty-four.  
I lived down on Big Sandy then;  
And it's a fact, now, gentlemen,  
The fish they was so awful thick  
In all the holes in that 'ar crick,  
You heard 'em breathin' ten mile off.  
(Joe, try some sugar for that cough.)  
As I was sayin': them fish a-playin'  
Made sich a noise, they had me prayin'  
The whole night long—no man c'd nap—  
They kep' up one etarnal slap.  
One big one, he made so much fuss,  
A splashin' 'round thar, wuss and wuss,  
And every night and every day  
A-goin' in that-a-way,  
That bye-and-bye says I, 'Old cat,  
I'm goin' to have you out o' that,'  
And so I sot a line for him,  
And tied it to a swingin' limb.  
I cotched him? Sartinly. Oh! yes.  
How big? Well, gentlemen, now guess!  
His size I'm bashful for to state—  
You might think I exaggerate:

I couldn't say  
How much he'd weigh;  
But, boys, I used his ribs for rails,  
And roofed the quarters with his scales."

Then William Smith breathed forth a sigh,  
And passed his sleeve across his eye,  
And whistled softly—then, aloud,  
He cried: "Bring cider for the crowd!"

— IRWIN RUSSELL.

## AN ADVANTAGE.



**FLESHY PARTY:**—What! Don't feel the cold at all? Oh, I suppose you are so thin it goes through you too quick to trouble you.

## AN ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT!

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!

HUMAN BELIEF STAGGERED!

HAS THE DAY OF MIRACLES RETURNED?

THE MILLENIUM APPARENTLY AT HAND!

READ AND MARVEL!

BLANKINGTON, N. Y., Jan., 1880.

EDITOR PUCK:

Dear Sir—I attended a church-fair here last evening and purchased a twenty-cent bowl of oyster soup. You may imagine my surprise to find in my "stew" fifteen large oysters of a delicious flavor. I apprised the young lady of whom I purchased the stew of her mistake, but she assured me that it was all right—that they always put fifteen oysters in a twenty-cent bowl of soup.

Truthfully yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON SMYTHE.

THE HON. MR. MUGGINS'S SOCIETY  
FOR THE  
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANI-  
MALS IS BOOMING.

Dear PUCK:

Our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects is an unqualified success. It is looming, blooming, booming!

At our last meeting a resolution was passed to this effect, viz.: that, as I was the first president of the association, I should hereafter be entitled to the title "Honorable."

Henceforth you will please call me the "Honorable Ephraim Muggins," when addressing me, instead of "Eph," as heretofore.

Our committees returned with most cheering reports. Both the Legislature at Albany and Congress at Washington at once suspended business, to pass the necessary bills to authorize us to make all needed arrests, etc.

We started our men out at once in quest of victims.

They first went to the hotels, and reported that there was no trouble to be apprehended from that quarter. All the bugs in the hotels

are well-fed and cared for; and are as happy and contented as can be.

A committee went over to Brooklyn to look after the Brooklyn Presbytery; and here we found much work to do.

They have blown Talmage's eyes so full of insect powder that he gasps for breath and dances about in the wildest agony.

Our committee at once took him under their protection and sent our detective to arrest Van Dyke and Crosby, who are the chief instigators of this malicious prosecution.

Similarly, detectives are on the track of the proprietors of the *Union* for firing borax and Paris green at Daggett and Jourdan.

In this city our men seized one of the largest paint stores, for having been caught selling Paris green—ostensibly for paint; but in reality, as we believe, to destroy the lives of thousands of innocent insects.

We have a great work to do. We mean to protect the insect race, at all hazards. Some of New York's most tender-hearted citizens are with us, heart and hand, in this glorious humanitarian effort.

We have taken Dennis Kearney and Captain Williams under our special protection.

Our success is greater than we could possibly have anticipated. Thousands of dollars have been already subscribed towards promoting our glorious work.

The most liberal support comes from the poorer classes. One poor man who hadn't a cent in the world, readily subscribed \$10,000.

I have only time now to indicate to you the unexpected and gratifying success of our philanthropic enterprise.

Our next business will be to establish branches in various parts of the country.

We understand that you have received several thousand dollars for us.

Keep the money, my boy, (boy PUCK, of course,) and lay it out in cartoons to aid our glorious cause.

Or for clothes, if you should deem the weather cold enough now to necessitate a little drapery.

Chacun à son gout.

Except me.

I never had the gout in my life.

Yours insectaneously,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

## TOILETTE À LA BOUQUET.



THE FLOWER OF GIRLS.

## A COLD NIGHT.



Bachelor Boggs states "that by keeping the stove filled the whole night, he managed to keep from freezing."

## ESSAY ON MAN.

**T**HE people of the world are various. Some are better than others, but most of them are a great deal worse. People are divided into two kinds—men and women.

A great deal has been written about men by persons who have made the subject a life-study, and some of this matter is of a very reliable nature. But anything purporting to be a treatise on *women* will be found, on examination, to be purely theoretical.

Men are of various colors. Negroes are black, Mongolians are yellow, Indians are red, and white men are variegated. There are good men and bad men.

You can find the names of the bad ones in the directory.

The other kind generally have theirs carved on tomb-stones somewhere.

Men are generally babies when they start in life, and are dead when they finish up; but it would be a better arrangement, in most cases, if the order were reversed.

A boy is something that a man has to be during a certain period of his existence. This is one of the inscrutable ways of Providence.

Men are governed in various ways in different parts of the world.

The individuals who govern them are chosen either by Divine Providence or by the people.

Hereditary monarchs are elected in the former manner, and seem invariably to be afflicted with scrofula or insanity. When people elect their own government, their officers are chosen for their dishonesty and their capacity for whiskey, so that they may properly represent those who elect them.

The unfortunate fact that people exist is known and regretted by every thinking mind, therefore the highest honors are given to those who exterminate the greatest number, which accounts for the respect and glory which have fallen to the share of great generals and the members of the medical profession.

The most civilized country is that in which you happen to be born, and all others are more or less contemptible, according as they differ from or resemble it.

GEORGE WALTER KYLE.

A CONTEMPORARY asks: "Is kissing dangerous?" That altogether depends. If the young lady ignores poisonous enamels and her father doesn't enter the parlor in the midst of the labial exercises, kissing may be indulged in with impunity. Kissing another man's wife is dangerous, we believe—if her husband catches them in the act.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXVII.

ARISTOCRATIC ADVENTURERS.



supply of dollahs, and who consequently imagine themselves verwy gweat guns, indeed, and who cwave faw exclusive society and faw their sons and daughtahs to make matwimonal alliances with some of our superwiah Bwitical families.

He-ah I may wemark that the Amerwican man nevah succeeds in carwyng off an Eng-wish girl in my set or in similah ones; but there is a certain class of English fellow who very often manages to marwy an Amerwican girl pwincipally on account of her weputed wealth and his impecunious condition.

Aw it would believe my mind considerably to give expwession to my opinions on this wathah important mattah, because the fwrequent carwyng out of the pwactice by some fellaws with good names bwing weally pwopah Eng-wishmen into some sort of aw disrepute.

I don't mean to say there are not exceptions to the rule—I am perhaps aw one myself in my welations with Miss Marguerwite—but aw verwy few.

Aw, ye see, an English fellow of such a fam-wily as I have descwibed comes ovah he-ah, and, naturwally, verwy soon gets asked out ewewywhere.

He then lays himself out to entwap into marwage the best-looking and wichest young woman, on whose feelings he has succeeded in making the gweatest impwession.

Jack Carnegie says that if the young woman in question has liberwally and extensivewy read the wegulah Bwitical fashionable novel, she is pwetty certain to listen to the pwoposition of the English fellow, and ultimately become engaged to marwy him.

Verwy often she is anything but desperawely in love with him, but she and some of her silly fwends think it is the awfully corwect thing to be aw matwimoniawly allied to an English fellow with an old name, wegardless of his pwivate charwactah, his ability to pwovide faw a wife, or the aggwegate of the debts he may have pweviously contrwacted.

Aw of course I am aw engaged to Miss Marguerwite, who is an Amerwican gyurl; but the above wemarks cannot verwy well be said to apply to me.

Ya-as, this sort of thing does make a fellow, at not ware intervals eithah, wathah disgusted with his countwymen and their pwoceedings.

Faw, ye see, they ovahdo this arwistocwatic business: taking advantage of the impwession the style of English literature which the average fashionable New York young woman has dwunk in, in which a too-widiculous halo of womance is thrrown round everwything Eng-wish, without the witahs' knowing anything about the mannahs and customs of the class they stwive to wepwesent.

Aw and even some English fellows whose reputatiion is comparwatively all wight often do things he-ah which are fwightfuwly bad fawm.

It has made Jack and me extwemely uncomfortable on varwious occasions to see decent English fellows running round with severwah aw shoddy and aw vulgah, wich old women

with a daughtah or daughtahs, who, if they were to marwy these men, would scarcely be weceived at home, ye know, except on suffwance and out of charwity, by the parwents and welations of the aw husbands aw.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## ALGEBRAIC.

SUPPOSE X = a fair charming maid,  
And Y the youth, who has addresses paid  
For many months unto that dainty maid.

Then X + Y is happiness and joy,  
X - Y is pain without alloy,  
Make them XY and naught can them annoy.

## THE FORCE OF NUMBERS.

'Tis not alone their variance in prices,  
But there's a difference vast 'twixt ice and ices.

## ÆSTHETIC ETYMOLOGY.

THE rule does seem unvarying to be,  
Preceeding amp, t r should read s c.

## A DECEITFUL DEAR.

WHEN the maid from the farm boasted loud of  
her pearl,  
Ev'ryone her meaning mistook,  
For, in truth, the sole gem that belonged to  
the girl,  
Or her folks, was the purl of the brook.

ARTHUR LOT.

## CONSOLING LITERATURE.

MAX MULLER says that "those who take an interest in the secret springs of the mind, in the elements of pure reason, in the laws of thought, will find a Chinese grammar most instructive, most fascinating." We confess to taking an interest in the secret springs of pure reason, in the elements of thought, and all that sort of thing; and there have been times, after a hard day's toil, when we felt an inward longing for—we couldn't say what—a something to drive away mental uneasiness, something fascinating, and now we suspect it was a Chinese grammar we craved. What makes a Chinese grammar so fascinating is the fact that you have to commence at the bottom of the page and read up, and this necessitates standing on one's head. When a Chinese grammar is not handy, you will find the inscription on Cleopatra's Needle, now on the way to New York, just as fascinating and instructive.

## HE MIGHT HAVE.



INDIGNANT WIFE:—If I had known you were coming home in this condition, I should have gone home to my father's.

INEBRIATED HUSBAND:—Hic—would you? I'm awf sorry didn't shend you word—hic.

## REMARKS OF PUCK'S PRIVATE POET.

"All us poets is bogus."—*World Ballads*.



**T**IN a professional and proper way  
I have loved largely—I might even say,  
(The word is low; but meaningful,) promisc'ous.

Yes, I have gone extremely wild and mad  
In telling the enjoyment I have had  
In osculation clandestine—and—viscous.

I have told correctly rhymed, but shocking,  
tales;  
And gone into superfluous details,  
(Whereat my own experienced cheek has  
reddened.)  
I have said so much that I can well conceive  
My usual style has led you to believe  
My sense of what's correct completely  
deadened.

Yes, when I count the products of my skill,  
Fond memory positively makes me ill—  
She conjures up so very queer a vision.  
The sighs, embraces, kisses—all the things  
Whereof the poet who knows his business  
sings—

For they *were* nasty, if they *were* elysian.

The distance that I have seen fit to go,  
To "hunt sweet Love", has been just simply  
low;

Not to say vulgar and unnecessary.  
And the localities o'er which he skims!  
My various remarks on busts and limbs  
May feebly illustrate that youth's vagary.

I own this. And deponent furthermore  
Deposes: Love is something I abhor,  
Though in each verse I write I do work  
him in.

I never cared a light-weight pewter cent  
For any female 'neath the firmament—  
In fact, I fight a trifle shy of wimmin.

I, personally, am quite good and nice.  
I do not wallow much in any vice:  
My Muse, not my morality, is shady.  
I'm made quite childish by the mad glad  
wine:

I'm generally home at half-past nine:  
I'm *never* forward when I'm with a lady.

Why then belie a private life thus graced?  
My friends, I but supply the public's taste;  
For if the public's not supplied, it hectors.  
I write my queernesses in no cypriote haunt;  
But at the Harlem residence of my aunt—

My maiden aunt, who hems my chest-protectors.

I trust my words the tendency will stop  
To judge the individual by the shop.  
Pure is my breast, though Poesy's flame  
within burn.

But let it here be casually said:  
If you need anything in my line of trade,  
I think that I can take the rag off Swinburne.  
V. HUGO DUSENBURY.

## IT DID NOT RING.



LITERARY circle sitting  
At a place not far away,  
While a chap was ready getting,  
At the close of one sad day,  
To elocute a recitation;  
On the platform front he stood,  
From apparent hesitation  
Choosing he some subject good.  
  
Audience, hat in hand, all ready  
To arise and homeward go,  
It perchance, to make a spread, he  
Should commence on "Beautiful Snow."  
"Ahem! Ah HEM!" his throat he's clearing,  
Then their hats they jammed on tight,  
That audience scooted, madly swearing:  
CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

O. P. DILDOCK.

## A PROFESSIONAL TENANT.

M<sup>R</sup>. MACILVAINE McNAMARA was an ingenious financier, who, in common with other ingenious financiers had a plan. The plan of Mr. McNamara was to occupy furnished rooms and lodgings without paying for them, and the way he "worked" it was very ingenious. Mr. McNamara's specialty, if I may so express it, was to be a tenant—a professional tenant of the most noxious and virulent sort.

Mr. McNamara's scheme of operations was very much as follows: He would see a bill on a house and call and inquire the rent of certain rooms.

"One hundred dollars a month," would say the landlord.

"I'll give you a hundred and twenty," would ejaculate Mr. McNamara with sudden resolution.

The landlord, completely over-powered by this seeming generosity would readily assent and would even forego the ordinary formality of a lease. Mr. McNamara, however, scouted any such idea, claiming that it was his custom on such points to be punctilious. The lease (in tact in every clause) was then signed and the landlord would depart in highly exuberant humor while Mr. McNamara would move in.

From this stage of the proceedings until the time for paying the rent would arrive, Mr. McNamara's conduct would be truly exemplary. He would make no complaints, ask for no repairs, engineer no rivalries among the other tenants, nor among the landlord. He would occupy his rooms with a quiet unaffected dignity into which busines considerations were never allowed to come.

But at the end of the first month things would begin to change, and Mr. McNamara would begin to forfeit his popularity. An interview of this sort would precipitate open hostilities:

LANDLORD.—Good morning, Mr. McNamara.

McNAMARA.—Good morning, sir.

LANDLORD.—Are you well suited here?

McNAMARA.—Perfectly.

LANDLORD.—Satisfied to stay?

McNAMARA.—I will never leave you.

LANDLORD.—How about the rent of last month?

McNAMARA (much surprised).—Rent? What for?

LANDLORD (pretending not to be agitated).—For these premises!

McNAMARA.—The rent is all right.

LANDLORD (obviously nervous).—All right won't do, I want it now!

McNAMARA.—Now really this is too much. Have good tenants no rights, have—

LANDLORD.—See here, Mr. McNamara, you must pay your rent.

McNAMARA.—I decline. What then?

LANDLORD.—Then, sir, I will be compelled to put you out.

McNAMARA (quite unconcerned).—It is the best thing you can do. Go ahead.

The landlord much flurried would depart to consult a lawyer. The latter would exact a fee of \$25. He would write McNamara a note somewhat to this effect:

My Dear Sir:—I am instructed to inform you that your failure to pay before Tuesday at noon the sum of \$120 due and accrued for rent of rooms at —, as per agreement entered into on the 1st inst., will compel me to take legal measures for your ejectment.

To this epistle McNamara would answer:

My Dear Sir:—Pressing business engagements will preclude my seeing you before the first of next month. Previous landlords who have attempted to eject me, unite in saying that it is cheaper and infinitely more satisfactory to leave me alone. I have no wish to take a mean advantage by withholding this fact from you. Attempt to eject me at your cost. Eject me you cannot.

Toujours le même,

MCNAMARA.

A consultation would then follow between the landlord, his eldest son and the lawyer, at which the aforesaid eldest son would move, and the two second, that he be appointed a committee of one to wait upon McNamara and "bounce" him.

The dauntless youth would call on the refractory tenant with this idea in view, but would leave much bruised and battered from the encounter, and the landlord and lawyer would constitute a quorum to take his deposition.

Then the landlord would call on Mr. McNamara and use strong language concerning him

(at a safe distance). He would also employ some vigorous and happy similes in stating the case, and ultimately get arrested for attempting to create a disturbance.

It was now the lawyer's turn to act. He would get out a writ of ejectment at the appropriate Court, the service of which McNamara would valiantly defy. But, after some talk and sundry drinks, he would lure the Court-officer into a state of confidence and inebriety, and then aid and abet him in dispossessing the tenant on the floor above—a proceeding which would constitute the basing of a suit for damages against the landlord.

Meanwhile Mr. McNamara would enter divers ingenious legal defenses, and ask (and get) numerous adjournments, would corral the opposition lawyer into a corner, and would afterwards make merry with the judge. But he would still persistently retain possession of the premises, and enjoy all the privileges and benefits arising therefrom.

The failure of each new effort to eject Mr. McNamara would help to make him more genial, and the court-officers would instinctively take a fancy to the man.

The dear reader has always noticed that in law a man who has a poor case is confident of the powers of his lawyer; while a man who has a good case is doubtful and suspicious.

Thus the landlord, becoming restive under constant legal rebuffs, went to consult several other counsellors. At the mention of Mr. McNamara's name, they would say simply, "It's no use." This had, it must be admitted, a rather dispiriting effect on the landlord, and he began to pray, as De Soto once did, for a cause that was not too good to prosper.

After a month of litigation he found that he had spent \$60 among lawyers, \$20 for court expenses, had given \$50 to the aggrieved tenant on the top floor, and had wasted a couple of weeks' time, and that McNamara still flourished. "I have known cases frequently," he said, with extreme bitterness, "where tenants who pay promptly have been most rudely dispossessed, but by the law it seems to be impossible to do anything with a man who pays nothing." He was musing in this frame of mind when who should enter, but McNamara! The professional tenant seated himself deliberately on the sofa and began:

"I appreciate fully the difficulties of your position, and while I cannot altogether sympathize, I can, and do feel for you. Why should a sentiment, a false pride stand in the way of your own interest? Why, indeed? What's the use of us two quarreling? We never did before I owed you anything! Why should we now? What you should have done was this: have come to me like a man and said, 'McNamara, I'll pay you fifty dollars to get out.' I would have borne you no hard feelings. I would have done it. It's now too late."

The landlord arose, paid McNamara \$50, and the next day there was a bill on the house, "to let."

Mr. McNamara calculates in his minute record of annual expenses that by paying no rent he saves \$1,200; that he derives from landlords, as the price of his leaving their several houses, in all \$600; and that the fun he has in the courts is worth easily \$200.

So he records his income at \$2000, and is content to continue a professional tenant so long as unprofessional tenants can be found.

ERNEST HARVIER.



"ARE YOU COLD, ANAXIMANDER ROMEO?"  
"NOT WHEN YOU SPEAK, JULIET SOPRONISBA."

## TOO MANY DRIVERS.

SINCE Maine has been a State it has probably never occupied so large a share of public attention as it does at the present moment.

We only hope that Maine will not put on too many airs when she begins to regain her equanimity; and imagine herself Louisiana, or Florida, or New York, or California, or any other State which has a great deal to boast of; but, with judicious doses of bromide, will keep her nerves in order.

Sweet reader, have no fears; we are not going to tell you anything about Mr. Alonzo Garcelon, or Mr. Joseph L. Smith, or Senator Blaine, or the Fusionists, or the Sanguinary Revolution that was expected to take place. You have recently seen more head-lines of this sort of thing than you have read details. No, we simply wish to make a few very trite remarks.

The Maine Coach of State suffers from a surfeit of would-be drivers. There are too many anxious to handle the ribbons without the requisite coaching training.

They haven't been to New York to acquire it. Let them come and join our select Coaching Club, and learn under Mr. James Gordon Bennett's or the *Herald's* tuition—much the same thing. And then a good whip will be found who'll tool his team properly without ditching the coach.

## CHURCH LOTTERIES.

LOTTERIES in many States are illegal, and very properly so. No respectable church-going father of a family would ever think of openly advocating a lottery, much less buying a ticket in one, even if the concern never scaled or postponed and all the generals in Christendom were on hand to superintend the drawings. Yet there are large numbers of persons who believe that lotteries are fairly conducted, and practically allow themselves to be swindled month after month.

We do not propose to dive into the ethics of the lottery system—we doubt if it has any—but we assume, as every right-thinking person must assume, that lotteries are wicked and demoralizing.

It seems no argument in their favor that people legally gamble in Wall Street. So they do—a thousand million wrongs do not make one right.

And yet we find the Church—the Holy Church—any Holy Church you please: Episcopal or Catholic, Presbyterian or Hebrew, each raising funds to support its particular medicine-man, temple, or school, by these infamous means.

This is being done on all sides—in the smallest two-penny half-penny Sunday-school, as in the transept of the great Cathedral.

And these preachers, these pastors, these medicine-men tell their flocks not to be enticed by sinners—while they actually reap the benefit of the sin they encourage and practice themselves.

## MERCIFUL BANKS.

The gay and festive Mr. J. Lloyd Haigh is in high feather. There is, it appears, a flaw in the disingenuous attempts to prosecute him, almost as serious as the flaws in the wire that he sought to supply to the Brooklyn Bridge. The Banks on which he has been experimenting in various kinds of handwriting are not anxious to take any steps to punish the poor fellow. They pity him so much! Yes, so very much that they do not wish to see him tried; for he might

be sent to jail—and these banks might be investigated and might have to show their hands, and that wouldn't do at all. They must not prosecute—rather let Mr. J. Lloyd Haigh wander forth unscathed, and continue to carry on his interesting chirographical practices.

We wonder if it has ever occurred to anybody that other bank failures will soon be in order. We think we could name them.

## THE BALL SEASON.

PUCK takes a peculiar interest in the forthcoming Liederkranz Ball, which is announced for the 5th of February. It will be on the grandest kind of scale and will take place at the Academy of Music. More anon.

The "Old Guard" reception at the Academy last Thursday evening was a brilliant affair—the unfortunate individual in a dress-coat was absolutely nowhere—being entirely overshadowed by the gorgeous uniforms everywhere around him.

If we were to give short accounts of all the balls that have to come off we should require to issue several supplements to PUCK for the next few weeks. As we have no intention of doing this, we content ourselves with mentioning a few of the more important events.

From the ball of the "Cercle Français de l'Harmonie," which took place last Monday evening, the PUCK reporter has not quite recovered—when he has, he'll probably have something to say about it; also of the "Martha Washington Reception," which came off last night. Even a PUCK-man with a Ball every night in the week is unable to sling off a satisfactory pen picture the next morning, and it isn't always the Champagne either.

WE hear that Mr. Dictionary-of-New-York Percy has joined the editorial staff of the new paper. This is a happy conjunction of the man and the *Hour*.

THE San Francisco *Newsletter's* Holiday number was a thing of beauty, and its contents being more than usually clever, ought to prove a joy to its readers for a considerable period.

## Answers for the Curious.

HASELTINE.—She can sing in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus.

CHI PHI.—Your case is a sad one. We do not entirely understand what your agony is all about. Somebody seems to be wronging you—but it is difficult for an outsider to understand exactly how. The only advice we can give you is to forgive him. You ought to forgive all your enemies. If the fellow is smaller than you are, kick him and forgive him; if he is bigger, simply forgive him, omitting the first part of the operation. For the edification of parents intending to send their sons to Muhlenberg College, we publish your letter, with the mild suggestion that if old Muhlenberg is alive and around, he ought to take hold of the first class in spelling—take hold of it by whatever comes handy—and wake the "prominent chapter of Chi Phi" up a bit.

MUHLENBERG COLL., Dec. 18th, 1879.

To PUCK: Gentlemen—Though a scholar at college I did find many spare hours to pursue your interesting sheet between lessons, and lately have perceived many able criticisms from it. Being a fraternity man I send you my opinions on a book by Mr. W. Raymond Baird on college fraternities for you to use. He seems to have composed the book for the glorification of his own fraternity which no one has ever heard of. With in it he does not give us, Chi Phi's a fair show, though he wants us to pay for his volume, neither does he give us a Muhlenberg a fair show. We are a prominent chapter of the, Chi Phi, and think every composer, should be just to all alike. We started in '24 before he was and had better be careful what he says or we will expunge him. He will tremble and shiver when his eye sees this we want him to do.

CHI PHI, Allentown, Pa.

P.S.—Can we prohibit, the sale of his organ on account of libel.

## THE THEATRES.

"The Galley Slave," now being played at NIBLO'S, has reached its sixtieth night, and Messrs. Bartley Campbell and E. G. Gilmore smile accordingly.

"EVANGELINE," at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, is delighting the Brooklynites, and Mlle. Jarreau and Mr. George K. Fortescue are winning large quantities of aureate opinions.

We have more opera—not 'Er Majesty's this time, but Strakosch, with Anna de Belocca and Teresina Singer (no puns allowed), both of whom made their first appearance, on Monday night, at BOOTH'S THEATRE.

At HAVERLY'S THEATRE, "The Tourists in the Pullman Palace-Car" are to amuse New York for a little while longer. So those citizens who want to laugh and grow fat ought to lose no time in seeing this show.

"Evangeline" has left us, and the STANDARD is now the home of what is reported to be a Great Western Success, viz: Richmond & Van Boyle's comedy company in "Our Candidate" which shall receive due critical notice.

To-night Mr. Edgar Fawcett's maiden play, the "False Friend" will be produced at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE. We expect to see something exceedingly good and have no fear of being disappointed when we take into consideration the high reputation of the author as a poet and plain untrimmed literary man.

"The Pirates of Penzance" leave us very little to say about them. They are still at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, although two or three other companies are now being organized to be let loose on the country. Miss Blanche Roosevelt's performance, vocally and dramatically, is much admired for its sweetness and refinement.

"She Stoops to Conquer" was re-revived at WALLACK'S, by request, on Monday last. Although there did not appear to be any special necessity for the withdrawal of "London Assurance," which performance, by the way, showed signs of hasty and careless preparation not exactly in keeping with the traditions of this house.

The last nights of "An Arabian Night" are announced; which play has had the effect of making dramatic matters generally assume a roseate hue in Mr. Daly's eyes. Genée's "See-Cadet," anglicised into "The Royal Middy," will be produced on Tuesday night, January 27th. Who knows but that it may prove a "Pinafore"?

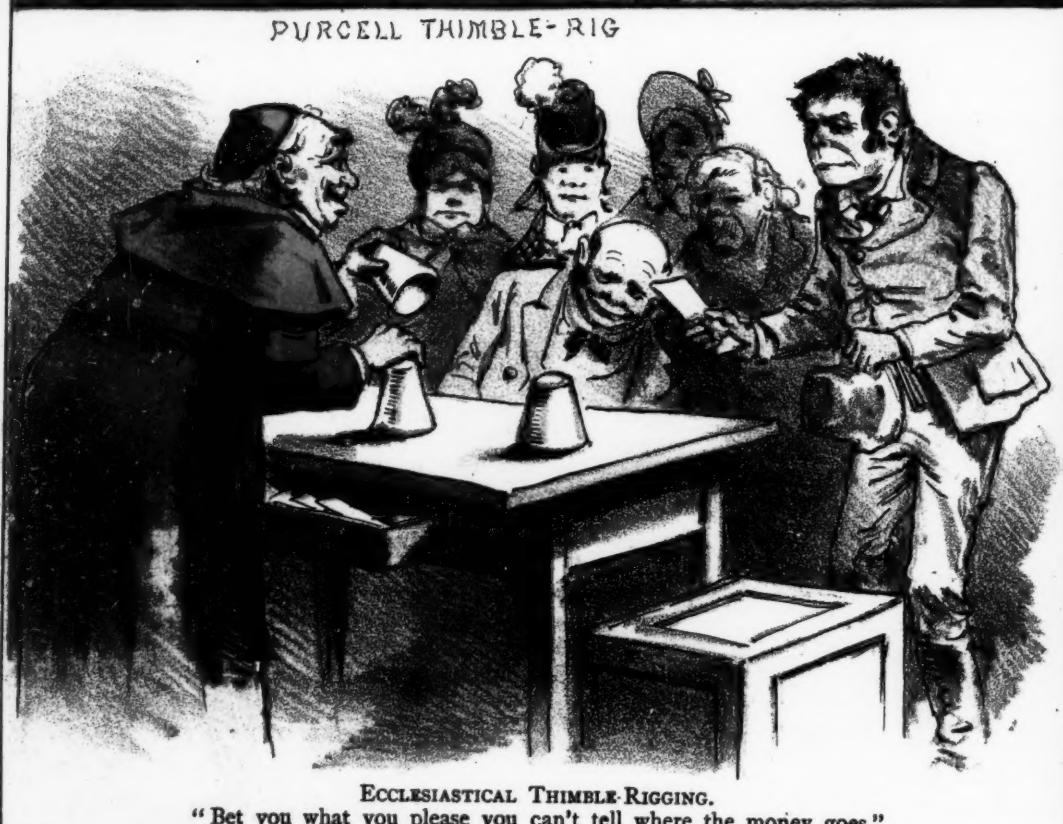
The SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are about favoring Messrs. Gilbert & Sullivan with additional advertising by giving a sable version of the "Pirates of Penzance" entitled "Blue-fishing;" or, "The Pirates of Sandy Hook." The existence of the Minstrels is as necessary to the health of New York and vicinity as is the Croton reservoir.

Mr. Bartley Campbell's "Fairfax" is well appreciated, if one may judge by the audiences that nightly fill the PARK THEATRE. The play goes smoothly, and there is room for little or no improvement in the acting of Mrs. Agnes Booth, Miss Sydney Cowell and Mr. Robinson—indeed of the whole cast. It rejoiceth us that an American dramatist is really making money, and that dramatist Bartley Campbell; for he deserves success for the plucky manner in which he has stuck to the trade. A dramatist who is also a capitalist—as Mr. Campbell is fast becoming—would be a decided novelty in this country. We may soon expect to hear of Jay Gould and William H. Vanderbilt writing plays to keep things even.



"Gimme ten tickets. That's 250 masses, ain't it? I may need 'em."

MONTREAL, Dec. 13.—An extensive lottery scheme was introduced here two years ago, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese. Thousands of tickets were sold throughout Canada and the United States, but up to the present no drawing has taken place. The manager states that there is a misunderstanding owing to fifty thousand tickets having been distributed to irresponsible persons for sale from whom no returns have been received, and to two men having absconded with a large number of tickets. The financial embarrassment of the Bishop is another cause of the collapse of the affair, and nothing can be done towards a settlement until the return of the Bishop from Rome.—[HARTFORD EVENING POST.]

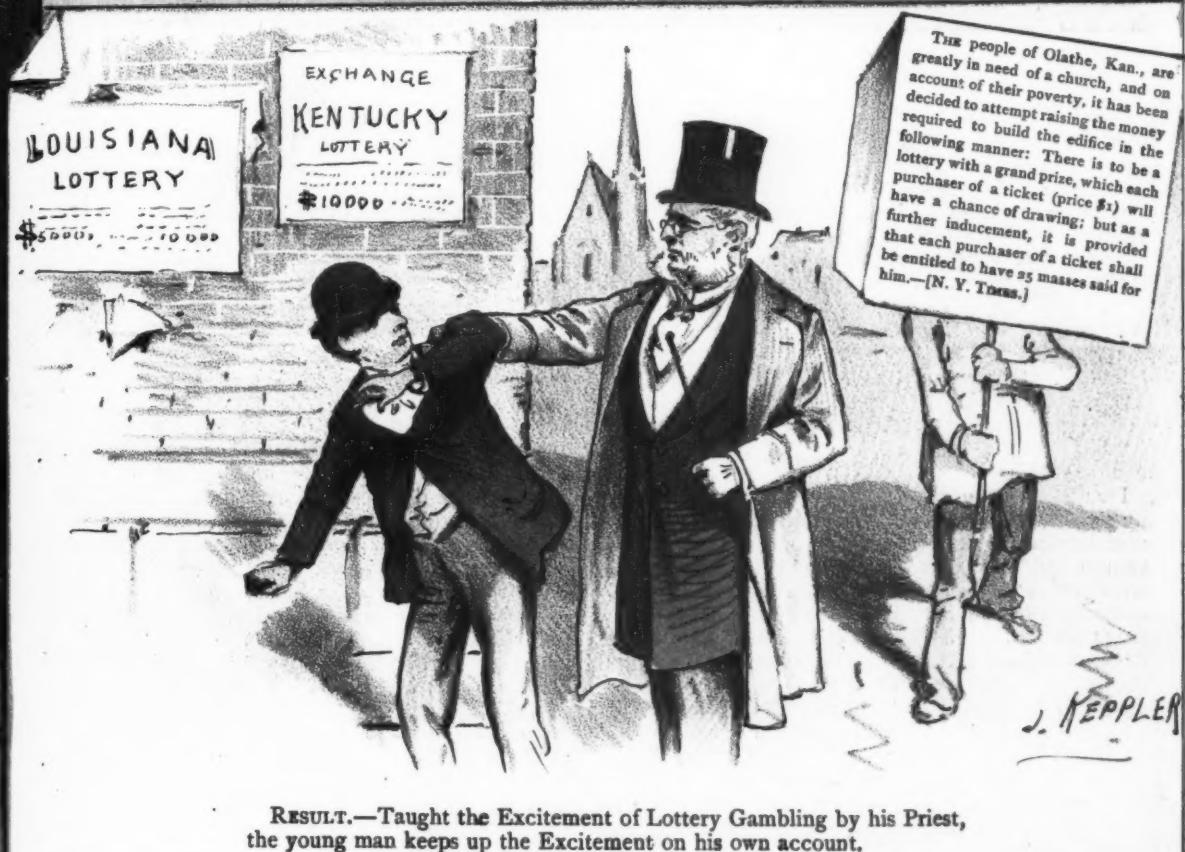
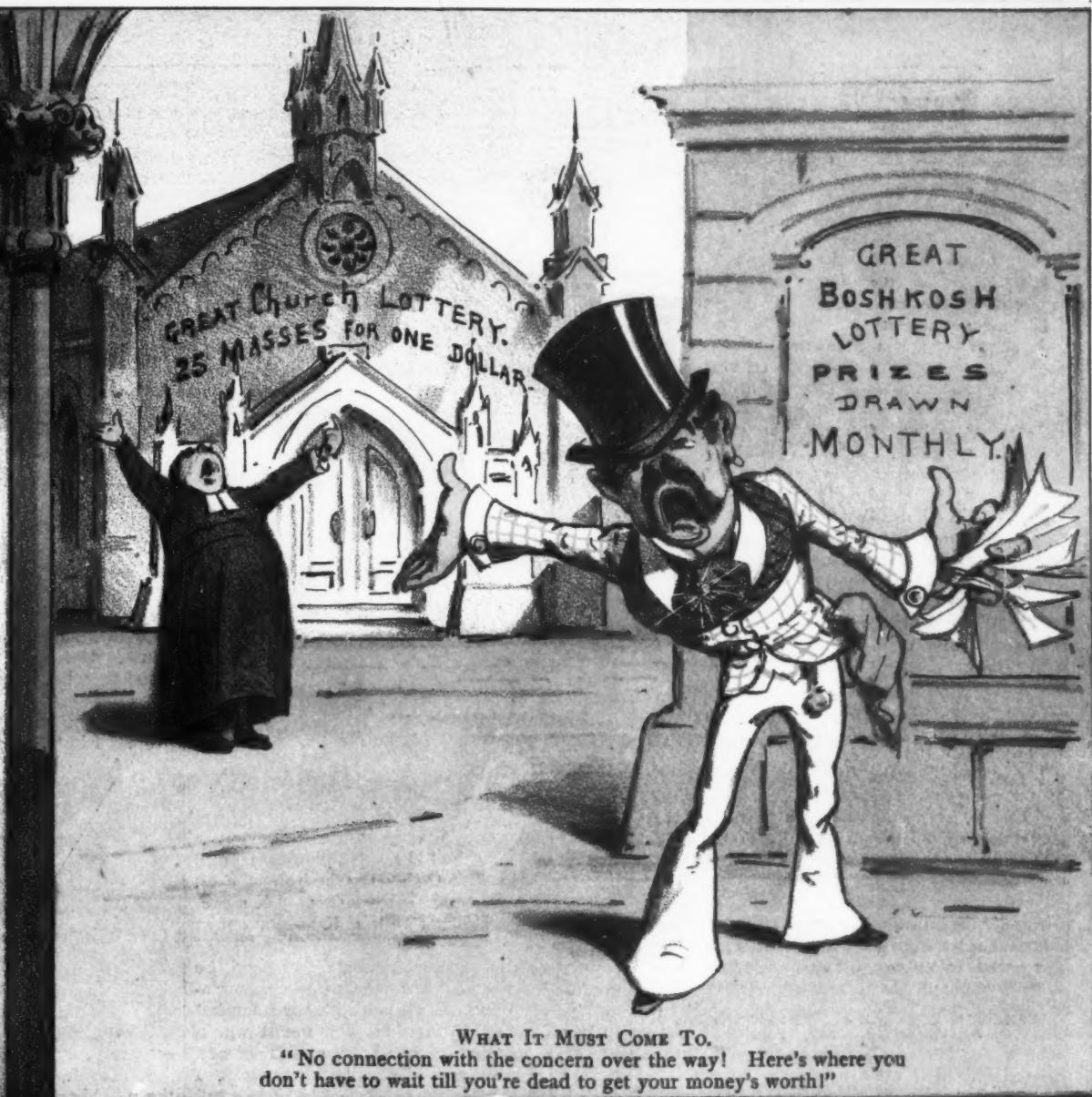


ECCLESIASTICAL THIMBLE-RIGGING.  
"Bet you what you please you can't tell where the money goes."



WHERE THE BLESSINGS  
"Glory be to God who has blessed the world!"

DOWN WITH THE



RESULT.—Taught the Excitement of Lottery Gambling by his Priest,  
the young man keeps up the Excitement on his own account.

WITH THE LOTTERIES!

THE TIMES Co.  
used the oil I scoop in the Capital Prison!

# THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL LIEBIG.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK

By

ARTHUR LOT.

(Continued.)

I entered the hall and parlor without a moment's hesitation. There I found Evangeline and a man dressed in the uniform of a major in the Confederate army standing in the middle of the room. As soon as Evangeline saw me she sprang to me.

"Anthony," she cried, as she placed her head on my breast, "at last, at last!"

"Who the devil are you?" asked the major.

"Anthony Wayne Liebig, at your service."

"D— Anthony Wayne Liebig!" said he.

"One moment, my darling," said I, as I placed Evangeline on a sofa.

Then I advanced to the major. He was a little man who wore eye-glasses. I do not blame him for being little or for wearing eye-glasses; no man can help those things. Every man, however, can avoid cursing his neighbors, and if ever you can find any man who says that he cursed Anthony Wayne Liebig, and that I didn't punish him, set him down as an unqualified liar.

I advanced to the little major, seized him by the collar, whirled him around, pushed him out on the piazza, lifted him over the balustrade, and dropped him on the ground.

"I'll see you again!" he cried, as I re-entered the house.

Imagine the bliss of the succeeding moments. With my arm around Evangeline's waist, with Evangeline's head on my shoulder, with my lips glued to those of Evangeline, we passed some moments of happiness, so unalloyed that we seemed almost in Elysium. At length true love did run smoothly. No longer was there any opposition to our marriage. We had a thousand things to tell each other, but our lips, when not pressed together, found little to say except to relate the story of our love.

Presently Evangeline's aunt appeared. She was an old woman almost in her second childhood, and I at once saw that I need fear no opposition from her. Of course I am only human, and it required a manly effort to put away from my lips that cup of pleasure; but, whenever an effort of manliness is needed, Liebig can be called upon with a certainty that he will respond.

I begged Evangeline to retire to her room, in order that I might have an opportunity to think out a plan of escape, for I had resolved to fly at once with Evangeline to the Northern army.

It was fortunate that I so advised her, for hardly had she reached her room, when Jim, the negro servant, entered.

"Hi, Massa!" he cried; "lots of soldier-men outside."

I rushed to the window, and, by means of my own observation, and the information I received from Jim, I discovered that the Major, whom I had offended, had returned with about twenty-five or thirty men. I could see them stealthily approaching.

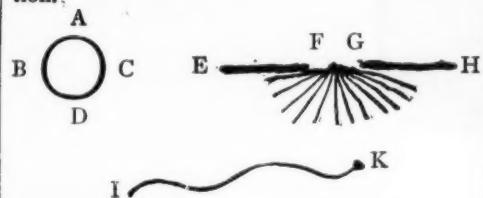
"Oh, for a few muskets!" I cried aloud.

"Lots of muskets, Massa, in cellar," said Jim.

I found that he spoke the truth. Fifty muskets, with ammunition, had been stored in the cellar some months before. Hope sprang up in my bosom, and I examined the situation more carefully.

I found that the windows all had heavy wooden shutters. I fastened those shutters carefully, while Jim was bringing the guns from

the cellar. At the centre of each shutter I cut a round hole. Then, with the aid of Jim, I loaded the guns; there were just fifty. Out of each of the holes cut in the shutters of the four windows I stuck the barrels of twelve guns, placed in such a manner as to sweep the ground on both sides of the window. Inside, the breeches of the guns were supported on tables, &c. The result was that at each window I had a sort of Gatling-gun, which could fire twelve balls at once; for I fastened the triggers of each twelve to a string, so that by pulling the string they would all go off at once, and would sweep away everything in front and to the right and left of the window. An illustration may aid you in understanding the situation.



A B C D represents one of the holes cut in the shutter. E F G H represents a horizontal section of the shutter showing the hole at F G, with the twelve guns protruding. I K represents the string with a knot at K to prevent it from slipping.

Having thus arranged things, I awaited the coming of the foe with the utmost complacency. Jim and I each held a loaded musket in our hands. Fortunately for me it was a bright, moonlight night, and I could see the enemy's forces approach. Unfortunately, I pulled the triggers too soon. The enemy advanced at the rear of the house, and I think Jim's talk excited me, for I pulled the triggers of the twenty-four guns just about two minutes too soon. The result was that with twenty-four shots I killed only eight men. I could see the eight corpses plainly in the moonlight. The rest of the soldiers fled.

For some little time everything was quiet. I expect those fellows were almost as much surprised as if they had sat down on a wasp's nest. I anticipated, however, that their next attack would be in the front, and I was right. This time I fired off my twenty-four guns, but only killed six men.

While Jim had been re-loading the rear guns, a queer idea had struck me, and I had loaded my gun with salt and pepper. As the enemy retired from the front of the house as precipitately as they had from the rear, I took sight at the Major, and plumped, as neatly as was possible, the whole charge of pepper and salt into him. Never in my life had I seen a little man jump so high. I'm afraid he took his cocktails standing for some time thereafter.

However, it behooved me to escape. Plainly the country would soon be aroused, and even a Liebig could not hold the house against an army. To say escape, was easy enough, but how could it be accomplished? Jim solved the difficulty. He informed me that an underground passage led from the house to the woods, and that the stables were located in the woods at the rear of the house. I called Evangeline, and, preceded by Jim, we stole through the passage and left the house.

Once out near the stable, we found that our enemies had left their horses there. Trusting

to the light of the moon, we selected two of the best. Jim found a side-saddle in the stable, and placed it on the back of one of the nags. I took Evangeline in my arms and placed her in her saddle, vaulted, without aid of stirrup, upon my own steed, and then we silently stole away.

I cast one glance backward as we left, and saw our foes once more stealing slowly towards the house. I sighed for one more shot at them with my Gatlings. However, the moon was slowly sinking in the heavens, the horses' feet sounded gently on the turf, the woman whom I loved was by my side, and, with a sigh for the loss of that other shot, I gave myself up to happiness. Thus, ever in my life, have Mars and Venus struggled for the mastery.

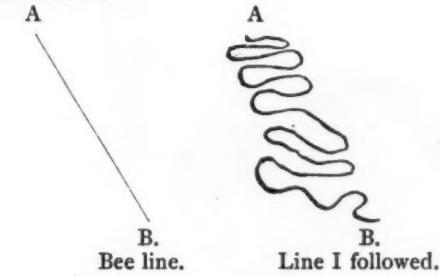
## VII.

### THE ESCAPE.

"Charging an army,  
While all the world wondered."

—TENNYSON.

For several days we rode towards the Northern army, finding hospitality at night sometimes in a negro's hut, sometimes in a white man's house. If I had been alone I should have traveled on a bee-line, but as Evangeline was with me I was compelled to take a more circuitous route. The following illustration will show the ground I lost.



A represents the starting point, B the Northern army.

At length, on a Saturday evening, we reached the neighborhood of Corinth. As the Southern army was here congregated, it behooved me to be somewhat careful, for Evangeline's life, as well as my own, was at stake. We dismounted in the woods, and found a hut occupied by a negro family. I left Evangeline there, while I went forward and examined the ground. I found, however, that it would be impossible for any one to discover the situation of the troops on a night so dark as that one turned out to be.

On the following morning I was aroused by the firing of cannon and musketry. At first I did not know what the noise meant, but I afterwards discovered that it was the first day's battle at Shiloh. However, I sprang up and hastened out to make such discoveries as were possible.

As soon as I discovered that a battle was in progress, my heart burned to be in the midst of the fray. But Evangeline was in my charge, and, of course, I could not leave her. All the morning I listened to the noise of the cannon with impatience, but at eleven o'clock I could stand it no longer. I sought Evangeline.

"Evangeline," I said, "I must leave. Yonder where the battle rages is my place."

"But you cannot get there," said she.

"I shall force my way through," I answered.

"Then," said she, calmly, "I will go with you."

Evangeline was born for a hero's bride. The heart that beats in her bosom knows no throb of fear. If heroes get their characteristics from their mothers, when Evangeline's boys (who as yet are rather bread-and buttery) grow up, they will startle the world.

Her suggestion, however, required reflection. After all it probably was the best one to be

adopted. If either of us remained there, and the Southern army was compelled to retreat, we should probably be destroyed. The idea of skirting the Southern army I considered, but I concluded that we would be in more danger there than in passing through the main army.

The horse which I had ridden was a magnificent black, and I felt he was equal to almost any task I should put upon him. Evangeline's horse was lighter built, but an active animal. Placing Evangeline upon her steed, and vaulting upon my own, we started.

"Bethink you, Evangeline, that when the tug comes it will be well for you to yield to my slightest movement or word," said I.

"I'll remember," said she, while a smile lit up her lovely features, and her voice rang like a sergeant's when giving the word of command. Satisfied that she would not fail me, I rode on.

The terrible cannonading continued, and we soon could hear the sounds of the musket shots and the cheers of the soldiers. In every battle there are lulls, more or less extended, and I waited for one of those. Presently one came; a puff of wind blew the smoke away, and I found right in front of me a gap between two divisions of the Southern army. I felt that the decisive moment had come. Without a word I seized Evangeline around the waist, lifted her from her horse, placed her in front of me, and driving the spurs into the noble animal I bestrode urged him into the gap of which I have spoken.

Maddened almost with pain, the noble animal bounded forward almost with the speed of light. Astonishment is hardly the word to express the feelings of the Southern soldiers. At first they were simply dumb-founded; then they suspected an enemy in the rear; and before they had made up their minds to shoot at me, I was well over the space between the armies. However, then they shot, and it was to protect her from that shooting that I had placed Evangeline before me.

Hundreds of shots were fired at me, but on I went. What I now feared was that I might be shot at by the Northern army. I shouted lustily: "Liebig! Liebig!" well knowing that everybody in the army knew my name. I saw General Grant look through his glass; then he seized a trumpet which was at hand, and I could hear him shout:

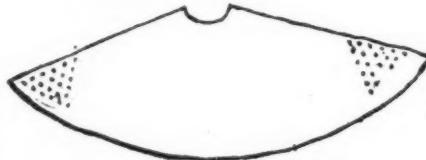
"Don't shoot! It's that dare-devil, Liebig."

That probably saved my life.

I dismounted at headquarters, and I then found that I had charged straight through the centre of the Southern army.

"Look at his cape," said General Sherman.

I had worn a loose cape, which had flown open as I rode, and, sure enough, it was full of bullet-holes. The holes Evangeline counted, and found there were forty-two. The following rough sketch will show the cape and the situation of the bullet-holes.



The cape flying open in the way it did probably saved my life. By direction of General Grant, the monogram of our great country, U. S., was engraved on this cape, with the same instrument with which they engraved their monogram on mules, and the cape was given to my regiment to be carried as a battle-flag.

Never had I seen an army so delighted to see a single soldier as that army was to see me. I could hear the soldiers say to each other as I passed:

"Now the tide will turn. Liebig's back."

The tide, however, did not turn on that day. The greatest warrior who ever lived could not have turned it on that day. I did what was humanly possible; but, as I said to General Grant, success could not be hoped for before the morrow.

Success did come on the morrow, and I am not unwilling to admit that it was largely due to my exertions. To be sure historians have neglected me, but late in the afternoon General Grant took his tin tobacco-box from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Take it, Liebig," said he. "I regret it is not more valuable. Your gallantry deserves that you should receive some memento."

"I do not care for its value, General," I said. "Take this pin and scratch your initials on it, and I will preserve it as my life."

He scratched on it, "Yrs truly, U. S. G." And to-day that tin tobacco-box, with those simple initials rudely scratched on it, is the most prized of my possessions. When the Methodist Church in our place laid its cornerstone, the trustees begged me to allow them to put that box under the stone and send it down to posterity. I declined promptly.

However, the day, after all, was a sad one for me; for, just as it closed, I was wounded in the shoulder and carried to the hospital. Achilles, you know, had a spot in which he could be wounded, and I suppose a Liebig ought not to expect to be more remarkable than Achilles.

### VIII.

#### THE END.

"Have done with it! Quickly have done with it!"

—E. D. ITOR.

When I commenced this account of my adventures, my attention was to state fully the grandest of the events with which I had been connected during the war. What has been told already is a bagatelle compared with the almost miraculous incidents which happened to me during the later part of the war. Those events I had hoped to place before an admiring public; but man proposes and some other person disposes. Since the publication of the preceding chapter an event which stays my pen has happened. I have been appointed Second Assistant Deputy Baggage Inspector in the Custom House. Honor bids me stay my pen.

Perhaps some slight explanation is due to my readers. You cannot perhaps see how honor bids me stay my pen. Let me show you. Immediately after my appointment I was moistening my esophagus with a little London gin in company with my friend Tom McNamara, the assistant janitor of the Custom House, when he startled me by the question:

"Who do you suppose recommended your appointment?"

"Who?" I ejaculated in surprise.

"General Sherman and General Hooker," he answered.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"That's a professional secret," he answered, with a wink.

I guessed that when he was dusting the furniture in the office he might have noticed the papers on the collector's desk. That remark set me thinking.

I will not say that any other motive than a desire to help an old comrade led Sherman and Hooker to recommend my appointment. I will not say that, but it must have been apparent to them that I was approaching that part of the war with which they were more immediately connected. Now no one knows better than Hooker who should receive the credit for the "battle above the clouds" if history were truly written. No one knows better than Sherman whose mind planned that "march to the sea,"

whose brain grasped all the details of that giant undertaking. I will not even suggest that any person other than Hooker and Sherman deserves any credit for those great achievements. I will say but one thing more. If Anthony Wayne Liebig had not been born, if he had not been present, as he was, in the foreground, when that terrible fight on Lookout Mountain took place, if Anthony Wayne Liebig had not been present in Sherman's tent when the idea of the march to the sea came into being, do you imagine that battle or that march would be part of our history? If Anthony Wayne Liebig had not—but I am going too far. I must dissemble.

Is it not plain that honor bids me stay my pen? I do not claim that Hooker or Sherman fear anything that I may say, but they have recommended me for an appointment. With a Liebig, honor is first, everything else second. My recollections of the great war would doubtless give much aid to historians; they certainly would materially change the details of many battles, as they have been narrated by historians; some gallant deeds would find their true parent; and some heroic actions, the details of which are buried in the manly bosom of Colonel Anthony Wayne Liebig, would be placed before the public.

Imagine blind Milton deprived of speech while the wondrous melodies of "Paradise Lost" were taking shape in his brain; imagine Napoleon paralysed while his battles were yet unfought; imagine Macaulay tongue-tied at a dinner-party, and you can form a faint, a very faint, conception of the feelings and situation of Colonel Anthony Wayne Liebig, when honor bade him drop the pen and close these veracious chronicles. Love and honor between them have presented to me some wonderful tasks; but I think I may say that the hardest of them all is to leave my history untold, to let the great deeds accomplished by me remain unrecounted.

Perhaps I should add, in conclusion, that Evangeline nursed me tenderly through my sickness, and that, by the suggestion of General Grant, who was struck with the modesty and courage of Evangeline, I was married there in the hospital to the woman I adored. Evangeline is still my wife. Her voice is not, perhaps, as melodious as it was; but then it is so easy for a husband to slip out of the house, that more or less sharpness in a voice is a trifling matter.

We have six olive branches. They are all, I am happy to say, boys. In regard to boys, you always know that States Prison or the gallows is the worst that can come to them, but girls may smirch the honor of your name by marrying your coachman or a car-driver.

### PATTI AT LEAVENWORTH.

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Carlotta de Munck  
Never, never got drunk,  
But she took her spirits lightly,  
And she cleared her throat.  
Ere she'd sing a note,  
With brandy or whisky nightly;  
Singing: "O, that the toddy you bring to me  
Were deep as the rolling Mis-sou-ree!"

Toddies of brandy or whisky hot  
Carlotta ne'er dreamed of refusing;  
For the brandy French or the whisky Scot,  
If properly mixed, went right to the spot  
In a way that was quite amusing;  
"For a singer's tod," to de Munck said she,  
"If strong and hot, should always be  
As deep as the rolling Mis-sou-ree!"

—*Phila. Bulletin.*

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**WASHINGTON GOSSIP.**

The following burlesque on Washington letters will be appreciated now as much as it was twenty years ago:

[From our own Correspondent.]

The National Capital is just now a scene of unprecedented gayety. The *beau monde* is quite *recherche*. *Bal masques, soirees dansantes*, etc., are of nightly occurrence, to say nothing of the dancing-parties, where, as the poet felicitously hath it—

"Bright the lamps shine o'er fair women and brave men."

Last night Mrs. De Snobs, the lovely wife of the noble Ambassador from the Lobos Islands, gave a grand social. It was a *recherche sorry dansante*. Wit, sparkling repartee and bon hominy crowned the golden hours. There was the stalwart and princely Snodgers, with bright buttons all over him, and there was his wife, who looked quite *ad infinitum*. It is rumored here, *en passant*, that the Hon. Snodgers has publicly stated that if he ever has a daughter, and that daughter is a female daughter, and he ever catches a man by the name of Thompson (with a p) making love to that daughter, he (Snodgers) will beat him unmercifully with his best gold-headed cane. But, *n'importe*. To return to the gay scene: Here comes the fascinating and truly beautiful Miss Smyth, daughter of the Elder Smyth, the eloquent member from Beaville. Her features are classic, but tinged with just enough bon hominy to make them *au fait*. She is dressed in gorgeous style. I asked her how much her things cost, but she, with indescribable *naivete*, told me that when I found out she'd wish I'd let her know — saying which, she whirled her fan (which is dove-white silk and covered all over with little silver spangles) around with delightful *abandon*. Depend upon it that Miss Smyth's things cost a large sum of money. But old Smyth has lots of money. He made a princely fortune publishing a country newspaper before he was elected to Congress. But soft! with stately tread, proud, defiant mien, etc., now comes Lord Boozle. Gold buttons flash all over his gorgeously embroidered coat and snow-white silk stockings. He meets Count Alfred de Flatte. They smile, halt and accost each other in the original Greek: "Is yer nibs running for peck?" Lord Boozle asks, and the Count answers, "Sides, Cully." They then retire to the *table d'hote*. Other celebrities, male and female, pour in sparkling, dazzling torrents past me, but I cannot describe them now. I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact, however, as an evidence of the wealth and intelligence of the persons in attendance at this grand matinée that the gold buttons alone upon the Count de Smoof's vest cost \$273!!!!!!

I am stopping at the Bunker House. The *table d'hote* abounds with the best the table affords, and Mr. Bunker sees to it that everything is *au fait* and *recherche* about his hotel. His gentlemanly clerks, Messrs. Nozzle and Gozzle, are princes of good fellows. Gozzle, *en passant*, is a good deal of a wag. *Au revoir.*

J. AUGUSTUS.

— Artemus Ward, per Cleveland Voice.

HEAVEN is a place, if we understand correctly, where there is a perennial singing school, and if the folks up there enjoy it as well as we used to do when we learned the rudiments of music and courting, we don't think they'll use their angel wings to fly away very far.—*New Haven Register.*

Sour Stomach, sick headache and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses.

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A BIT OF CHAFF.  
OUT OF THE COMMON—PLEASE.  
DICKENS AGAINST THE WORLD.

CHARLES DICKENS, of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regents Park, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, the successful plaintiff in the above cause, maketh oath and saith: That on the day and date hereof, to wit at seven o'clock in the evening, he, this deponent, took the chair at a large assembly of the Mechanics' Institution at Liverpool, and that having been received with tremendous and enthusiastic plaudits, he, this deponent, did immediately dash into a vigorous, brilliant humorous, pathetic, eloquent, fervid and impassioned speech. That the said speech was enlivened by thirteen hundred persons, with frequent, vehement, uproarious and deafening cheers, and to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, he, this deponent, did speak up like a man, and did, to the best of his knowledge and belief, considerably distinguish himself. That after the proceedings of the opening were over, and a vote of thanks was proposed to this deponent, he, this deponent, did again distinguish himself, and the cheering at that time, accompanied with clapping of hands and stamping of feet, was in this deponent's case thundering and awful. And this deponent further saith, that his white-and-black or magpie waistcoat,\* did create a strong sensation, and that during the hours of promenading, this deponent heard from persons surrounding him such exclamations as, "What is it? Is it a waistcoat? No, it's a shirt"—and the like—all of which this deponent believes to have been complimentary and gratifying; but this deponent further saith that he is now going to supper, and wishes he may have an appetite to eat it.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Sworn before me, at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on the 26th of February, 1844.

S. RADLEY.

—Letters of Charles Dickens (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THIS is the rhetoric of the book, and we might say of it, in Mr. Swinburne's manner, that its movement is not the march of translucent waves, but the turbid turbulence of green-mantled pools stirred by the plank argosies of boys; its brilliance is not of suns or stars, but rather the putrid phosphorescence of dead mackerel on pale sand, moon-fed and breaker-beaten; and that the swollen arrogance of the feeble rhymester who puts forward this driveline of cheap guesswork and cheaper gewgaws as a fit offering to Shakspere is born of the fumes of that swirling swipes of thinnest and smallest small-beer which he misdeems himself not to be.—*N. Y. World* on Swinburne.

It was "Please pass the butter, darling," "Does my lovely want some more potatoes?" "Do you think it will rain, pet?" "What theatre are we going to this evening, sweetie?" etc., until one of the boys calmly remarked in a loud voice to a fellow desperado at the other end of the table, "Baby dear, will you give your 'ittle precious a piece of the cheesey weesey?" "Gimme a big hunk, Bill," he continued, "for this is the first time I've felt like eating for three days." Since then it is "Charley" and "Mary" with the bride and groom.—*Chicago Tribune*.

JIM MACE is now a rich Australian.—*Detroit Free Press*. He will probably never return to the Nutmeg State.—*Richmond Baton*. It will nut-meg a great deal of difference to him if he don't, as he is now living in clove-r. By the way, have you ever seen a man who saw Mace in a spice "mill"?—*Wheeling Leader*.

\* This is apropos of a waistcoat of Macready's which Dickens had borrowed to have copied.

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H. EICHORN, No. 4 St. Marks Place, New York.

**\$777** A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free.  
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WHOM the gods would destroy they first give  
a revolver and tell him to carry it in his over-  
coat pocket.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A YOUNG man fell dead while walking with a Rochester girl, and the maidens of that city  
have tried to keep the matter quiet.—*Boston Post*.

IT makes our blood congeal to think of the  
ice crop. Not a pound yet harvested, and  
summer drinks only a few months away!—*N. Y. Express*.

MR. LONGFELLOW would, no doubt, be very  
glad to lend his nephew to Governor Garcelon  
for an unlimited period of time.—*N. Y. Comm.  
Advertiser*.

IT may be a little early, but we like to be  
prompt when it helps trade. There is every  
prospect of a short peach crop this year.—*Boston Post*.

ACCORDING to the *Times* nearly every one in  
Chicago swore off on the 1st—swore off on  
everything but admitting the size of St. Louis.  
—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE American Register says the United  
States may be regarded as the paradise of women.  
It would be if there were Adams enough  
to go round.—*Boston Post*.

Now that Bridget has heard the news from  
Newark, she will of course begin to use celluloid  
collars, cuffs, combs, hair-brushes, etc.,  
for kindling wood.—*Syracuse Herald*.

THE bitterest thing the female sex can find  
to say against the man who smokes on a rail-  
road or street-car is that his cigar costs a penny  
and is made of cabbage.—*N. Y. Commercial  
Advertiser*.

Is business good?" inquired a friend of an  
undertaker. "Business good?" he reiterated.  
"You bet; two in walnut, two in rosewood,  
and three on ice, at this blessed moment."—*Albany Journal*.

"Twas ever thus." The ice-crop bids fair  
to be a failure, and the coming summer will be  
an ice-creamless one; and this is leap-year, too,  
when the girls must do the treating. Ain't it  
just too bad?—*Modern Argosy*.

It is said that no woman who was ever  
elected to office, in Wyoming or elsewhere,  
ever had an offer of marriage afterwards. This  
knocks the female suffrage movement higher  
than Roscoe Conkling's opinion of himself.—*Boston Post*.

READ this item to your landlady, and if she  
doesn't clasp her hands in wonder and give  
vent to the most rapturous admiration, make  
up your mind that she is going to lose money  
in the boarding-house business: The wife of  
a wealthy Cincinnati book-binder has managed  
to live nineteen days on two white beans.  
—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser*.

YOUNG Slapdash, who dipped his ambrosial  
curls into the bowl of egg-nog at the Hon. Mrs.  
Slicer's reception on New Year's Day, under  
the impression that he was being shampooed,  
has not been able to account for the feeling he  
experiences when he sits down. "It's just as  
if I'd been riding a bucking mustang for forty-  
eight hours," he says.—*San Francisco News-  
Letter*.

"COULD you accept the inevitable, gracefully,  
and without hesitation," asked a minister  
of a young man. "Could I," was the reply,  
"well, I should smile. I could accept anything,  
even a two for five. Got any tobacco  
about you?" The minister sadly wended his  
way to his study to write a sermon on the aw-  
ful previousness of the present day.—*Des Moines Register*.

#### ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

New Organ \$15 stops. Best Golden Tongue Reeds, 5 oct.'s  
2 knee swells, walnut case, warrant'd 5 years, stool & book \$25.  
New Pianos, stool, cover & book, \$14.25 to \$25. Before  
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TINA THE MILK VENDER.

MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

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that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VAL-  
UABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer giving their  
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**CAUTION.**—Beware of imposition or mistakes, owing to the great similarity of caps and labels, under which inferior brands of Champagne are sold.

In ordering G. H. MUMM & CO.'S Champagne, see that the labels and corks bear its name and initials.

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17th Monthly Grand Distribution, New Orleans, February 10th, 1880. 1857 prizes, total \$110,400; capitals \$30,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, etc. 100,000 tickets, two (\$2) dollars; halves, one (\$1) dollar. For full information apply to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.; or at 319 Broadway, New York.

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Special Stock Syndicates formed monthly for investment in active stocks. Returns every 30 days. Risk of loss limited to 12½ per cent. premium. Full particulars, Rate Lists, Market Reports and Stock Circulars upon application.

We know a worthy citizen who is so upright that even the hair of his Sunday wig stands on end.—*N. Y. News.*

FREUND after Freund departs. Who hath not lost a Musical and Dramatic Freund?—*Commercial Advertiser.*

THE Hon. Denis Kearney very elegantly remarks, "To h—with the national banks." Denis has an eye to business, it seems.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE sea-serpent was seen sixteen times in 1879, against nine times in 1878. This proves that the whiskey manufactured last year was almost twice as demoralizing as that made in 1878.—*Norr. Herald.*

"WOMEN want bread, not the ballot," is Susan B. Anthony's new lecture. Every young man who has walked out with his girl on a warm summer evening knows better than this. It's pound-cake she wants, and ice-cream with it.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured with Hop Bitters.

### FRENCH COOKS' BALL!

The Société Culinaire Philanthropique will give their Fourteenth Annual Ball, for the Benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund,

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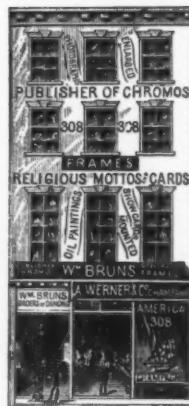
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SIZE.	PRICE.	SIZE.	PRICE.
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3 ".....	5.75	10 ".....	11.50
4 ".....	6.75	12 ".....	13.00
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